Split souls

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by FantasyFreak_2

Summary

As the creator made the ancestral humans they were still whole. But as humans tend to be they weren't satisfied with the lot they were given in life and rebelled against the creator. In anger the creator stroke them down, splitting their souls in two. Humanity was left wounded, confused with the same soul occupying two bodies who desperately sought each other but unable to recognize their other part.

The creator had pity with his creation so he gave every soul into the care of a guardian angel who would protect and guide them so that they may be united once again as they should be.

Guardian angel Michael has his hands full trying to unite Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham but he is no neophyte. Neither different birth countries, age differences, opposing ideologies or imprisonment will stop a soul as ruthless as the one shared by Hannibal and Will nor the angel ruthless enough to be declared its guardian.

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"Why this one?" Michael asked a bit suspiciously. "Why are you so adamant I protect this soul?"

"You said you were bored." The creator answered lightly.

"I have a feeling you might make me regret saying that with this soul." Michael replied

The creator only smiled.

Humanity in the twentieth century had only a rudimentary idea of soulmates. For several centuries they believed only humans able to procreate could have one united soul which made the work of many angels - Michael included – a lot harder than the creator had meant it to be. The idea that a soul could only be divided in two or that the connection needed to be sexual or even romantic had proved just as destructive.

So when Hannibal Lecter was born in Lithuania his noble parents naturally started looking for his soulmate in the noble girls surrounding the bright boy.

As Hannibal was old enough he questioned it like young children tended to do.

His mother just smiled at him. "One day you'll find a young girl that god has made specifically for you so you can love her forever."

Hannibal had frowned. "Like Mischa?"

"No," His mother's smile turned wistful. "You'll understand when you grow up."

Michael just shook his head. Hannibal Lecter's other half still resided on the other side and there was no way to say when, where and how it would arrive on earth. Usually souls tried finding their other parts even while coming to earth resulting in soulmates of similar ages born close to each other. The soul Hannibal shared was different: stubborn, headstrong, brilliant, independent, sophisticated... It wouldn't be easy to unite it again. It also promised an interesting life to whoever was carrying it.

Hannibal's soulmate wasn't born when he was two or three or four or eight. Eight unfortunately did mark the age where the revolution swept over Hannibal's home. Michael was distracted from the second half of his soul too hard at work trying desperately to keep his first charge alive. He managed it. The guardian angel of Mischa Lecter's soul didn't have so much luck. It was the first time Hannibal tasted human flesh. Even that early Michael could see the spark beginning to glow in his soul.

It would be a fight to stay alive long enough for Hannibal Lecter to meet his other live but his soul was burning bright - nothing and nobody would be able to extinguish it.

Will Graham was born across the ocean in both far more and far less fortunate circumstances. There was no war, no pillagers, no dead sister and no Cannibalism. There was just a single father and his son living in poverty, wondering every day if they'd get to eat the next.

John Graham was trying his best at the time but was in his own way just as delusional as Hannibal's parents had been concerning their son. Unfortunately poor little gifted Will Graham didn't fit very well in the heteronormative ideal of what a man should be.

"You should stop crying so often." John told his son. "Once you grow up you will find a lady to settle down with and she won't like a sissy for a husband."

Will just nodded solemnly as he saw the car accident they drove by on the highway perfectly replied in his mind.

In an eerie reflection of society that had started praising the brilliant Lecter boy who had been adopted by his noble uncle and ignoring the little Graham who saw too much Michael missed his second charge's arrival on earth for several years. He only became aware of the unimposing part of the soul as Will Graham send a prayer to the heavens lying shivering under a threadbare blanket in the coldest part of winter. He was nearly frozen through as Michael finally arrived to lay his hand on the little child and breathing some warmth into him.

"Come one, little one." He whispered to him, using a considerate amount of power to warm the air around them. "You can't give up now. You have barely gotten to live yet."

Little Will looked up and for a moment Michael swore the child looked him in the eyes then Will's eyes glazed over and he fell unconscious. Michael cursed and looked around. Of course the creator would give him a gifted child to make life more interesting. Figures. He saw sparks coming from an old electric socket and got an idea.

As the fire department arrived to put out the fire caused by faulty wiring they were just in time to save little Will Graham from hypothermia.

Meanwhile Michael continued cursing himself. Clearly he had gotten too distracted by the woes of his first charge but with Hannibal finally save and away from any orphanage or pillager he could concentrate on little Will surviving a childhood in poverty.

After the last incident Will had become a bright eight-year old school child in Louisiana who was watched over by both the school and CPS. He was clever enough to earn a little extra money by fixing motor boats so Michael finally felt save enough to take his eyes of him for a little longer and look back to Lithuania…

WHEN DID HANNIBAL BECOME A SERIAL KILLER?!?

Michael swore he never had a soul so determined to give him grey hairs. The creator was probably laughing at him right now after fulfilling his wish to "Not get bored" with his next charge.

Well, it was like it was. Hannibal was not the first killer Michael had held shielded from harm with his wings. It made him rather unpopular among his brothers and sisters who were losing their charges - who had to guide a human through life who lost his better half before they even met them but Michael didn't care.

His soul was special, was better and worth more than those meaningless sacrifices who were wasting their life. Hannibal was making ART rivaling the creators and it was beautiful.

The next time Michael looked back over the sea to America he saw that Will had matured into a man (how fast human grew up). Still seeing too much, still different, he had started isolating himself in contrast to the brighter side of his soul who loved the limelight. Now he stood in front of the decision of what he was supposed to do with the rest of his life.

Michael smiled and let him hear the whining of a hurt dog out of a dark alley where the corpse a young girl was starting to stiffen. As Will saw her he knelt down next to her his eyes

widening in fascination. Michael watched in anticipation of what the soul that already turned to killing once without any manipulation by him would do with it.

Will Graham found her murderer and Michael barely blinked before Will started at the police academy.

Law enforcement – how perfect. What profession could enable his charge more to find his other half? Now Michael just needed to make sure Will would be able to lay eyes on one of Hannibal's tableaus.

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